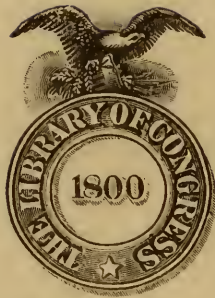


THE DAYS THAT PASS



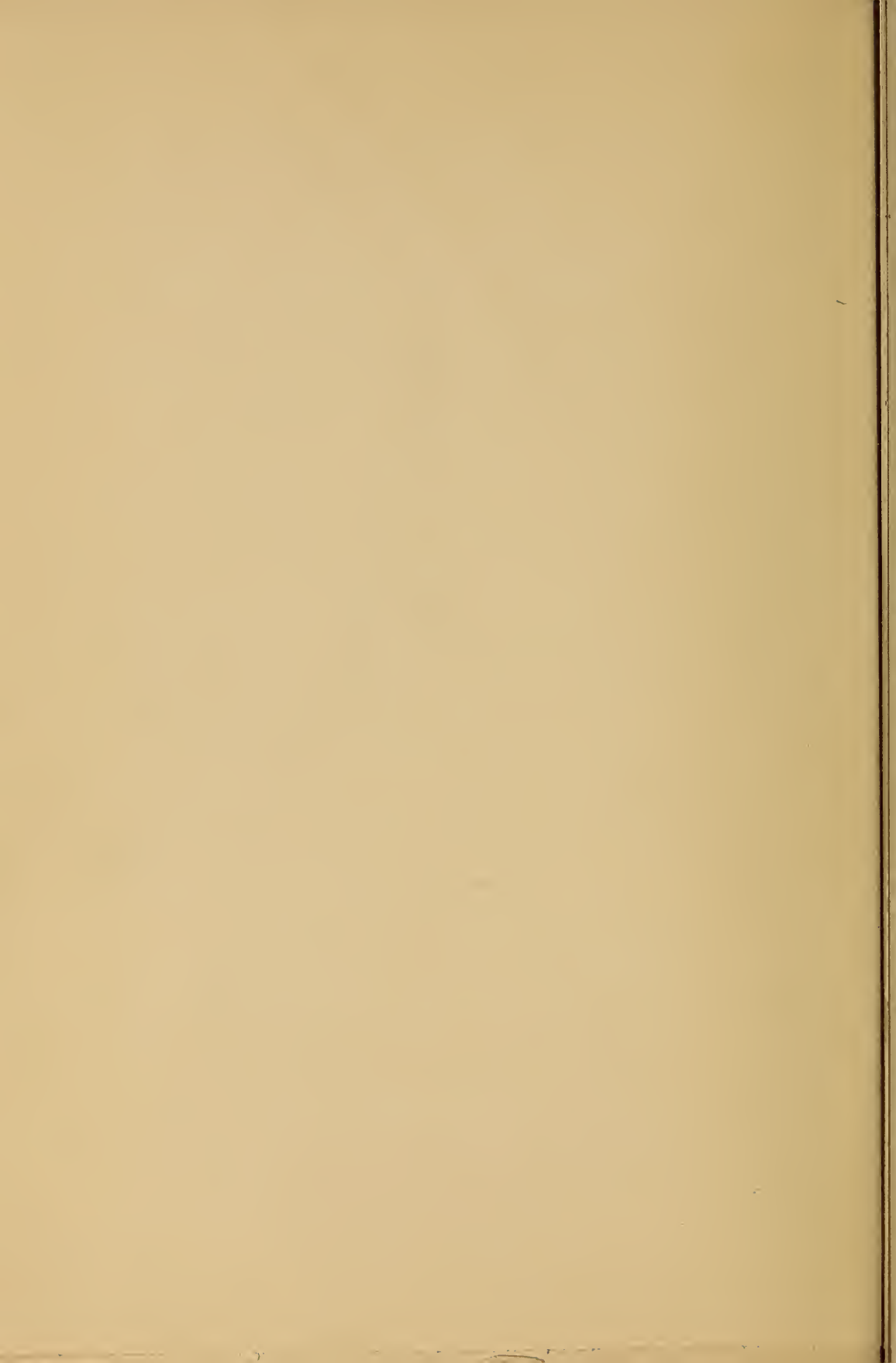
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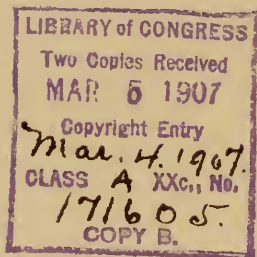
THE DAYS THAT PASS



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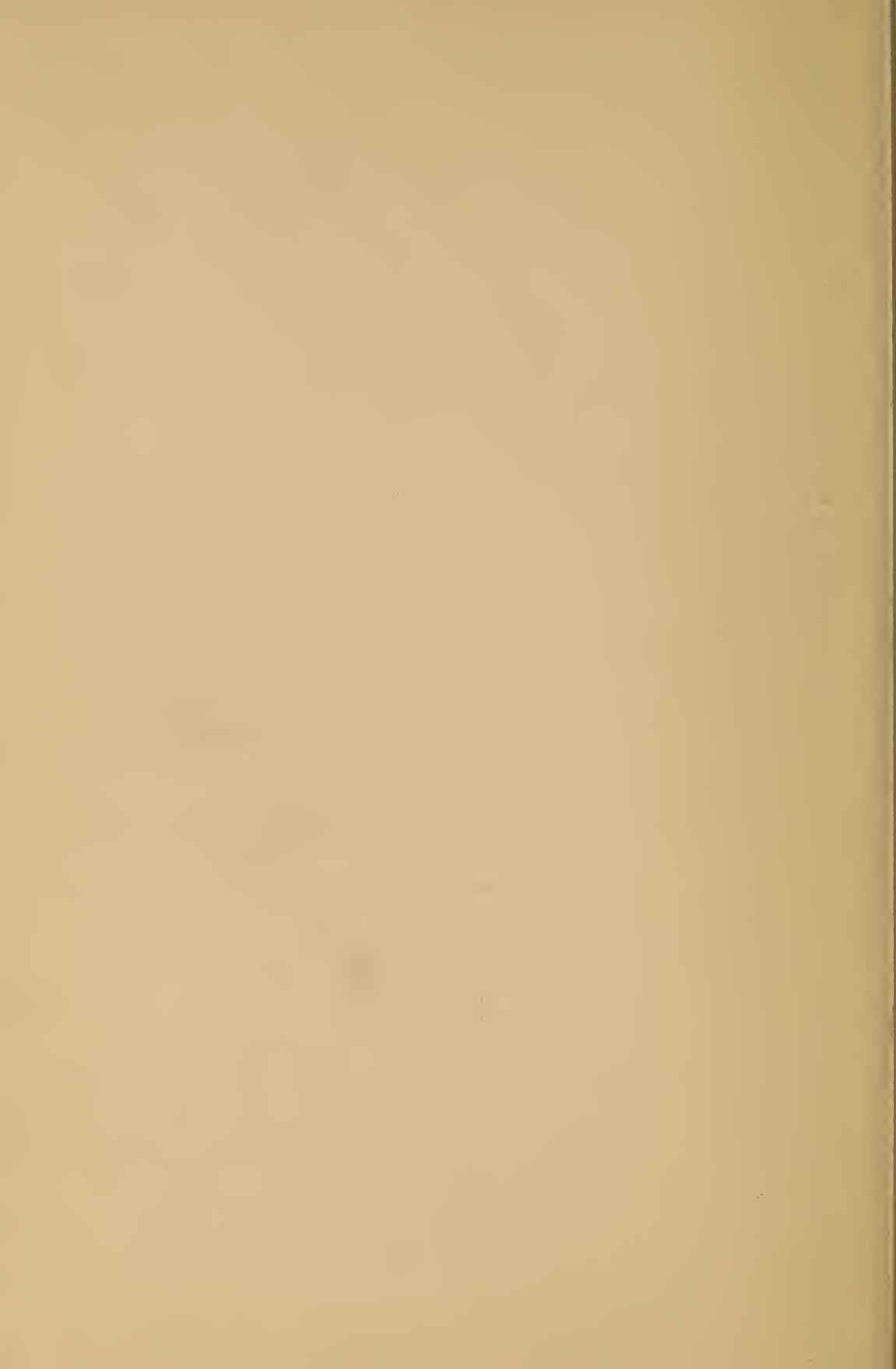
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THE DAYS THAT PASS



THE VOICE OF JUNE

THE voice of June breathed soft within
my ear :

“Come forth, sad Heart, the charmèd night
is ours,

Through faint green haze there shines a
silver moon ;

A carpeting of dreams, the grass is spread

All velvet soft and colourless and wan,

The fire-flies glitter low upon the ground,

Or tangled, star-like, in the sombre trees :

Beneath the moon's cold rays the yellow
rose

Has paled, the peony is colourless,

The poppy seems a dim and faded ghost.

Now magic reigns, the hours are drenched
with dew

And warm with summer and alight with
stars.

2 THE DAYS THAT PASS

A thousand perfumes die upon the air,
And pale, sweet phantoms slip throughout
the gloom

Like unborn loves, or memories of joy.
All little daylight lives are drowned in sleep;
The very winds are still, the distant sea
In slumber broods upon the soundless
shore.

Come forth, come forth!" it whispered to
my soul,

That voice and all music, pain, and mystery.
Oh, dream divine! I walked alone with
June

Amid the silent shadows of the night.

LAND

BACK to my mother, the Earth,
From that stranger, the Sea ;
Deep in the hills to have birth,
In the fields to be free ;
Free from the fretting of wave,
From the hissing of foam,
And fears of a fathomless grave ;
I am home, I am home.

Peace of the islands once more,
With the scent of the sod,
Dwellings of men on the shore,
And the forests of God ;
Safe from the dread of the deep,
From its drunken embrace,
Earth, in your arms I may sleep !
I am back in my place.

SONG

IN the grey of the bleak March weather,
The thought of you is May,
And though dead are the days together,
Your name is song to-day.

And if age must be met to-morrow
The thought of you is youth ;
The world is a lie and sorrow,
But love is living truth.

A VOICE IN THE DARK

AFTER all but one thing matters,
To be brave ;
Whether fortune frowns or flatters,
Glad or grave,
Young and strong, or old and failing,
Well or ill,
Soul aglow, or faint and ailing,
Valiant still.

Fearless, though the way be lonely,
Stout of heart,
Silent, if to speak be only
Craven part ;
Fate and foemen leagued forever,
On we plod,
Vanquished oft, despairing never,
Up to God.

IRIS

NEVER a woman, you say,
Never a wife,
Only the rose of a day
A dream in a life.

Loved, and unconquered by love,
Remote, in your arms,
Eyes for some vision above,
Deaf to alarms.

Love me or not, as you will,
Prison me fast,
Mine is the victory still,
Freedom at last.

Love, with its tremulous fire,
Burns in my heart,
Still from a lover's desire
Dwell I apart.

Glory the star of my sky,
Beauty my own,
Touched by all joys, as they fly,
Still I'm alone.

Render your loss, as it seems,
Where to fate it belongs, —
I am a daughter of dreams,
A mother of songs.

AMBITION

I TOOK my little love from her place so
still and warm
And dragged her forth with me, just to
keep her safe from harm.

The woods were wild and black, and the
way was rough and long.
It mattered not a whit, for my little love
was strong.

Just once, amid the dark and the storm that
followed after,
I heard a childish plea for a little love and
laughter.

“We may not stop our course!” I ex-
claimed with eager pride,
“What matter weariness and pain when we
are side by side!”

So dim it was and wild, with the rising
wind and gale,

I never knew at all that my love was grow-
ing pale ;

I never missed her hand, till it slipped from
out my hold,

I never knew she fell, till I saw her still and
cold.

But now I onward press, amid all the snow
and sleet,

No little clinging hand to check, no little
lagging feet.

great

A SPANISH GIRL'S LOVE
SONG

WHAT is warm in my veins like the
sun in September,
What swings me remote as the rose-cloud
above,
What is yours to forget that is mine to re-
member?
It is love, Rafael, it is love!

VALUES

WHAT shall I gain, O Tempter !
if I throw my heart to the crowd ? ”
“ Fame,” he replied, “ and curious glance,
and praises ringing loud.”

“ What in exchange, O Tempter !
if I drown my love in the sea ? ”
“ Sleep,” he replied, “ and quiet days with
never a memory.”

“ And what for reward, O Tempter !
if I dig a grave for my dreams ? ”
“ Peace,” he replied, “ and pride of place
and all that the world esteems.”

“ And what at the end, O Tempter !
when I reach the farthestmost goal,
And stand alone at the gates of Night,
a poor little naked soul ? ”

THE BELOVED

O H, softly, softly came she forth from
out the golden West,

The one my heart had yearned for long, the
spirit loved the best.

I stood quite silent, trembling, pale, as Soli-
tude drew near,

At last she came, the peerless one, to secret
forests dear.

No sound, no sound, but all the world a-
thrill with strange surprise.

The midnight's calm reflected deep within
her sombre eyes ;

The hush surrounding her was like the hush
of drowsy noon,

And shadows followed in her wake as twi-
light followed soon.

I looked upon her face and felt the glory of
the earth,

A sense obscure of all the mighty calms that
gave her birth,
The desert sands, the mountain snows — my
spirit flew to these,
The awful peace that broods afar on undis-
covered seas.
And while I dreamed the sun sank low and
slowly passed from sight,
I stood alone with Solitude, the crescent
moon grew bright :
Ah, God ! the hour ineffable ! what mysteries
I guessed
When Solitude at last I held upon my ach-
ing breast,
Together, all the voices hushed and all the
strangers flown,
The night around me, starry dreams, and
Solitude my own !

A TOAST

FOR friends, the summer wind, the
winter fire !

For foes, forgetfulness that kindest seems ;

To each and ev'ry one his heart's desire ;

But still for me my dreams !

ECHOES OF OTHER SONGS

ECHOES of other songs still haunt my
ears,

My spirit hears
A music mute for many songless years.

Shadows of other scenes in misty blur
My fancies stir ;
I dream again the old-time dream of her.

Passion and pleasure, each is but a name,
And love the same, —
Yet once my life was lit with sudden flame.

Tears have I none, repentance, nor regret,
Nor pain, — and yet,
All peace to know the trouble I forget !

THE LORD CAME INTO THE
OPERA HOUSE

HE stood in a corner, remote, unseen, and
unknown,
And up to him floated the dust and the
crash of chords,
The scent of humanity, crowded and warm
and perfumed.
He saw the debauch of colours and jewels
and flowers,
The pageant of play and the pomp of the
world in its power.
He saw, from his station, aloft in the corner
dim,
The faces of women and men, and of master
and slave,
And the eyes of the Lord, yes, the eyes of
the holy Lord,
Looked deep in the souls and discovered the
secret shame,

The pride and the lust and the treachery,
furtive and sure,
The disease and desire and iniquity, covered
and hid ;
And the heart of the Lord, yes, the heart of
the holy Lord
Was compassion and love, for He knew
the devouring pain.

GARDENS

THO' tossed on foreign seas
'Mid mist and gloaming,
Beneath those distant trees
My thoughts are roaming.

Below an azure sky
The park lies dreaming,
And there my gardens lie,
With summer gleaming.

The garden warm with noon
And sweet with roses,
A red rose falls, and soon
A white uncloses.

The garden, dim and old,
Where white flowers only,
Drink deep the moonlight cold
On midnights lonely.

The garden near the coast
Where broom is golden
And sunflowers flaunt and boast,
To winds beholden.

Ah, weary, sea-worn hours !
That dreams might capture,
From distant ways of flowers,
The earth-born rapture !

THE STAR SAPPHIRE

I DREAM of twilight closing softly down
With veil on veil of cool, delicious dye;
From rose to blue, from blue to violet;
Then Venus, pale within the purple sky.

GIRGENTI

THE vision lingers still within my brain ;
I sometimes see, though shut in city
room,

That far, sweet corner of the world again :
The temples rising from the almond
bloom,

The early morning lights on plain and
town,

The golden convent walls and still blue
sea,

The distant mountains with their snowy
crown,

And all my heart cries out for Italy.

CAMPO SANTO

FOR what is love but fever and disease?
How cool is death! its ice dispels all
ill.

And what is living? — torment none may
ease,

Discordant symphony : but death is still.
The world's a glare of cruel, blinding light,
And death is dark with blessed eternal night.

And so he passed within the massive gates,
Along the avenue of cypress shade,
To halls where carven sepulchres await,
With tombs of porphyry and granite
made :

There marble statues keep their silent trust,
While, buried deep, the dead return to
dust.

BOLOGNA.

BEYOND KNOWLEDGE

O LOVE, who once, with pale and flower-
like face,

Smiled suddenly in London's crowded space,

A pleading vision, dreams within your eyes,
And love upon your lips in wan disguise;

You, whom I loved despite of all your fears,
Within whose grave lie lost my golden years,

Could I but know that all with you was
peace,

Perchance this agony of loss would cease.

Oh, Sweet, oh, wistful, long-remembered, lost,
What dread frontier those timid feet have
crossed!

In some far Heaven is your smile less sad?
And has your little shrinking soul grown
glad?

THE WELL OF TRUTH

WHY lean so long above the well,
 And strain your eyes within?
 The west is rose, sweet Isabel,
 The night will soon begin.

The sun is gold as golden sheaves,
 The Autumn sky is pale,
 The yellow, yellow Autumn leaves
 Skim down upon the gale.

“I lean so long above the well,
 Because there lies within
 One hated good,” said Isabel;
 “And one delightful sin.”

LOVE

LITTLE darling, I love you so,
I watch at ev'ry cruel word's surprise

The mists steal slowly in your scornful eyes,
The hot red colour sweep across your cheek,
I see you tremble, grow more worn and
weak.

Little darling, I love you so !
What joy to know I have within my will
Such force to hurt, such potency to kill.
You, frail and small, unloving, still I hold
Mine, mine, to torture till your years are
told !

A MAN SPEAKS

OUR little rose-soft sisters !
With laughing lips and tender eyes,
Our sisters, made of dew and flame,
Of sunlight, snow, and starlit skies
Drift on — forevermore the same.

Our little foolish sisters !
Created fair, that love be born,
And then to pain and torment hurled,
To first allure, and then, forlorn
And puzzled, face an iron world.

Our little broken sisters !
Too frail to meet their evil chance.
Who made them fair enough for love
But all too weak for circumstance?
The cry from earth to God above.

FROM THE STREET

IF, by some chance, we were only nearer,
I, with disdain of Fortune's frown,
And you, some demure little clerk, the
dearer
For all that was poor in hat and gown.

Quite by ourselves in the noisy city,
Love in your eyes, and dreams beside,
None to observe us with hate or pity,
Untrammelled by fashion or caste or
pride.

What words I would say to you then, grown
bolder,
Words coming warm and sweet and fast,
And you, with your head very near my
shoulder,
Could whisper your inmost heart at last.

Ah, but the world bears no defying,
Each to his own through endless days,
I but a polished vagrant, crying ;
“ *Vive la Bohème* and all its ways.”

You just part of a well-judged marriage,
Trained to your place with grace complete,
With pensive look, as you pass in your
carriage,
For one who bows from the dusty
street.

THE NURSE

SOMETIMES when, after endless days
of pain,

Our cries have grown too faint to reach to
God,

When the great solitudes of Heaven's peace
Re-echo back to us our shrill despair,

Then comes the tolerant and aged world,

And lifts us up upon her ample knees,

Murmurs within our ears her foolish tales,

And fills our hands with bright futilities.

We know her false and trivial and vain,

Absorbed in senile schemes and crude display,

Yet, for a time, her presence eases care ;

A fond old nurse she seems, exacting nought

But pretty ways and mock obedience.

She knows no ills her favour may not cure,

So, looking up within that mellow face,

We force a smile and find forgetfulness.

GOSSIP

WE knew them friends ; he held her
glance,

Her hidden thought could understand ;
Yet he 's in England, she 's in France,
For fear lest he might touch her hand.

And two who loved with soul and mind
Said calm good-bye, with civil lies,
Lest they the common road might find,
And learn to love with lips and eyes.

A WOMAN

DEAR love, I lay my head upon your
breast.

Within your arms my refuge and my
strength,

For here is joy, and here is peace, at
length,

And here my little doubting heart may rest.

Ah, love, you see how small I am and weak,
What trifles make me smile or turn to
tears,

What few words wound, what shadows
rouse my fears,

In you my comfort and my help I seek.

.

And so your truth is but a squalid lie!

I see, incredulous, your evil frown.

Ah God! 'tis your hand, love, that
strikes me down.

'T is here, beneath your feet, that I must die!

DESIRE FOR EXPRESSION

IF man might keep the magic of the earth !
Produce in art creation and re-birth,
The wonder and the gloom to write in
verse,
Or paint in perfect colour ! Ah ! the curse,
Which makes the moonlight seen on moun-
tain snows
Delicious pain, and where the summer glows
Instils a glory all despair and fears.
I looked upon the twilight hills with tears ;
And when at night I heard the sombre trees,
Stir soft in music of the vagrant breeze,
I cursed mortality's tormenting fate,
To hear, incompetent to re-create.

AT LOVE'S GRAVE

WITHIN the grave lies love, long
cold and still,
But round it still, at dusk or midnight
chill,
The ghosts of mem'ry wander at their
will.

I see her then as when I loved her best,
The fleeting smile which mocked her
soul's unrest,
The sun-kissed Southern flowers upon
her breast.

Too light she seemed for love; her soul,
alas!
Reflected pain and passion which did
pass,
As shifting shapes are shown within a
glass.

Her life upon the tide of chance was toss't,
A fragile little boat with rudder lost,
I saw the danger, saved, at any cost!

So love has fled, and faded all my fears,
Within my heart but echo, faint with
years,
Her voice, her laughter, and her April
tears.

THE SUPREME HOUR

WITH rocking trees and slanting sun
the very last hour dies,

On golden marsh and seas profoundly blue,
in rose-hued skies ;

My heart is restless — like the sea, and
stormy — like the wind.

Will love go with us, Barbara, or leave we
love behind ?

O hour that stings with cold, O hour that
woos with golden glow,

That blinds with jewelled splendour of
wave and cloud and snow.

O hour supreme, when once your bright
but wintry sun has set,

Will love be ours to hold, Beloved, or only
to forget ?

DISTANT LANDS

I WALK along the well-known, common
 ways,
 Familiar scenes I view with careless eyes,
 These trees and hills can show me no
 surprise
 These fields encompass calm, contented days.
 And yet, at times, perceived through fancy's
 haze,
 Perhaps some strange and distant land
 will rise,
 Some land of other zones and other skies,
 Where earth unapprehended moods displays.

 If certain names are spoken without care
 My heart is stirred with half-forgotten grief;
 The spell creeps back upon me unaware,
 And time and distance fade with unbelief;
 For once, in distant lands, I faced despair,
 And once I dreamed a love, divine and
 brief.

THE INSTRUMENT

MY body is the dim refracting lens
Through which alone can knowledge come to me,
With these poor eyes alone my soul can see,
Through this weak frame alone it comprehends.

Were I but furnished with an instrument
Which perfectly transmitted shape and sound,
I might go far beyond our mortal bound,
See Truth indeed and learn what Beauty meant.

HAUNTED

THEY hold me fast through the puls-
ing night

And fast through the glowing day ;
Affection, riches, and youth and ease,
I walk in a thornless way.

But still afar on an outer edge,
Where the light uncertain lies,
There's always wandering Love, the ghost,
With his tired and timid eyes.

And my thoughts are far with the shrinking
ghost

And my heart is elsewhere.
In my golden noon is a haunting fear ;
In my star-lit nights, despair.

IN WINTER

SHE died, quite suddenly, at morn :
I, weeping, fled that house of woe,
To find without, in paths forlorn,
Her little footprints in the snow.

WORDS

NOW listen, friend, I say the simple
word

Of "holiness" — and, straight, within my
ears

I hear the church-bells ringing far away
And sounding faintly through the purple
dusk ;

A scent of lilies fills the quiet air,
And, shadowed forth against a night of stars,
Divine and terrible, I see the Cross.

The mind is more than artist in its power,
A word is but a wand for sorceries.

THE VISION

“**W**HAT figures, slowly toiling up the
slope?”

“Two lovers, for whose love was once no
hope.”

“But now their pain is o’er, their grief is
stilled!”

“Yes, now an open heaven, dreams fulfilled.”

“Yet, listen! there are sobs instead of
song!”

“Ah, comrade, know you not their way was
long?”

“’T is strange they falter thus near heaven’s
gate,”

“For lovers, even love may come too late.”

“Alas! her face grows pale beneath his
kiss!”

“My friend, the man’s desire ends oft in
this.”

42 THE DAYS THAT PASS

“ Before such eager eyes what love can die? ”

“ And yet all fates are just; look up on
high.”

“ A shadow, — now, a flame — above I
see ! ”

“ The body was his choice, the soul goes
free.”

PURPLE SHADOWS

MY love is dead; now all men know
That weary golden head lies low,
She loved but beauty, — so we weep,
She loved but truth, — so fell asleep.

How fair upon her bed she lies !
Too strange, too sweet for mortal eyes ;
O Christ ! to hide her safe away,
Concealed until the Judgment Day !

I sought, I sought, and here I bring
The purple shadows : dusk and Spring
And sea and hills have known their birth,
These veils impalpable of earth.

All purple shadows, one by one,
To hide from heat of earthly sun ;
All purple shadows, soft they rest
On golden hair and snowy breast.

Farewell, O Love, O Fancy's child !
The world and you are reconciled ;
The purple shadows, veil on veil,
Shall wrap you close when love must fail.

THE LOST LEADER

“**W**HERE is my leader,” mused the
Brain,

“The gay, audacious Heart,
The Heart which leads the way
When I demur
And, coward-like, draw back?”

“Daring what none divine, the Heart!
It lights with torch of flame
My blind and groping creed,
Where I see nought
Reveals the hidden sense.”

“Yours it is now to take control
O unadventurous Brain!
The joyous, dancing Heart,
Which led you on,
Grows faint at last and old.”

JEWELS

IS love not true? By day the sunkissed
flowers

Absorb my soul; the violet, the rose,
The jessamine: but when their petals close,
And softly come the dark and mystic hours,
The midnight hours when none is there to
see,

Then gems I take from out their secret
place.

They gleam upon my bowed, inquiring face
In all their still and splendid mystery.

I feel myself enthralled, and yet defied,
Lured deep within the sapphire's starry
heart,

And from the pearl's white glory thrust
apart,

And by the ruby's passion still denied.

The topaz mocks me with its heart of fire,
The strange, green emerald repels desire.

THE UNION

GOD looked on life and found it lone
and sad,

So fashioned Death, the master, strong
and free.

“Go forth within the world, O Death ! ”
he bade ;

“There Life, thy feverish bride, awaiteth
thee.”

THE AGED LAND

GREAT Egypt, grown too old for love !
She longs to lie forgot,
Enshrouded deep in desert sands,
Till earth should know her not.

But still the Nile preserves her soul
From that profounder rest ;
The ardent lover, ever young,
Lies warm upon her breast.

THE FACES

I LOOK along the row of little frames :
The frames of silver, vellum, gold, and
glass,
Of old brocade and ivory and brass.

From out each frame there looks a woman's
face :
And one a great *tragédienne* from France
And one a school-girl with her artless
glance.

A fair Madonna face is one ; and one
A woman of the world, superb and cold,
And one a queen, and one obscure and
old.

The same strange smile on every differing
face
Half-sad, half-questioning — I seem to
see
Some mystery of woman's destiny.

THE DEPARTING GUEST

UPON the threshold, near the open
door,

Still lingers Love, the guest,
And I, like courteous host, a visit o'er,
Attend the last behest.

O Love! so long beneath my roof a guest,
Is this, indeed, the end?

Can you, the cloud-born, leave like all the
rest,

Mere chance, departing friend?

And now to empty house I turn aside.

Here other guests will dwell,
Here mirth may come, and pleasure long
abide,

But Love has said farewell.

FORBIDDEN

“JESUS CHRIST!” I cried; “I’ve
borne sorrow, wrong, and fear;
No more can man endure, I make an ending
here.”

“Little lonely one,” said Lord Jesus Christ
to me;
“Thou art not alone, for here am I with
thee.”

“Little coward heart,” said Lord Jesus
Christ once more;
“Just a few more years, and then an open
door.”

REVOLT

O WASTE of the wearisome days,
O content of the blind,
O curse of the commonplace ways, —
I am off to my kind !
To paths of the midnight and morn,
Of the drought and the frost,
Where glory and freedom are born,
And where peace must be lost ;
To those who have suffered and failed,
Who have dreamed and desired,
To those who have warred and prevailed,
Who have sunk and aspired.
O voices that cry in the night,
Desires that are dumb,
Wild children of change and delight,
My brothers — I come !

UNAVAILING

IF I knew 'twere the very day,
O friend, so far away,
What thing could I find to say !

If I knew that in one more night,
The world would pass from sight,
What word should I dare to write !

Yes, though the hour had come,
My lips would still be dumb,
I should die as I lived, in sum.

I should pass from my place below,
The years would come and go ;
Dear friend, you would never know !

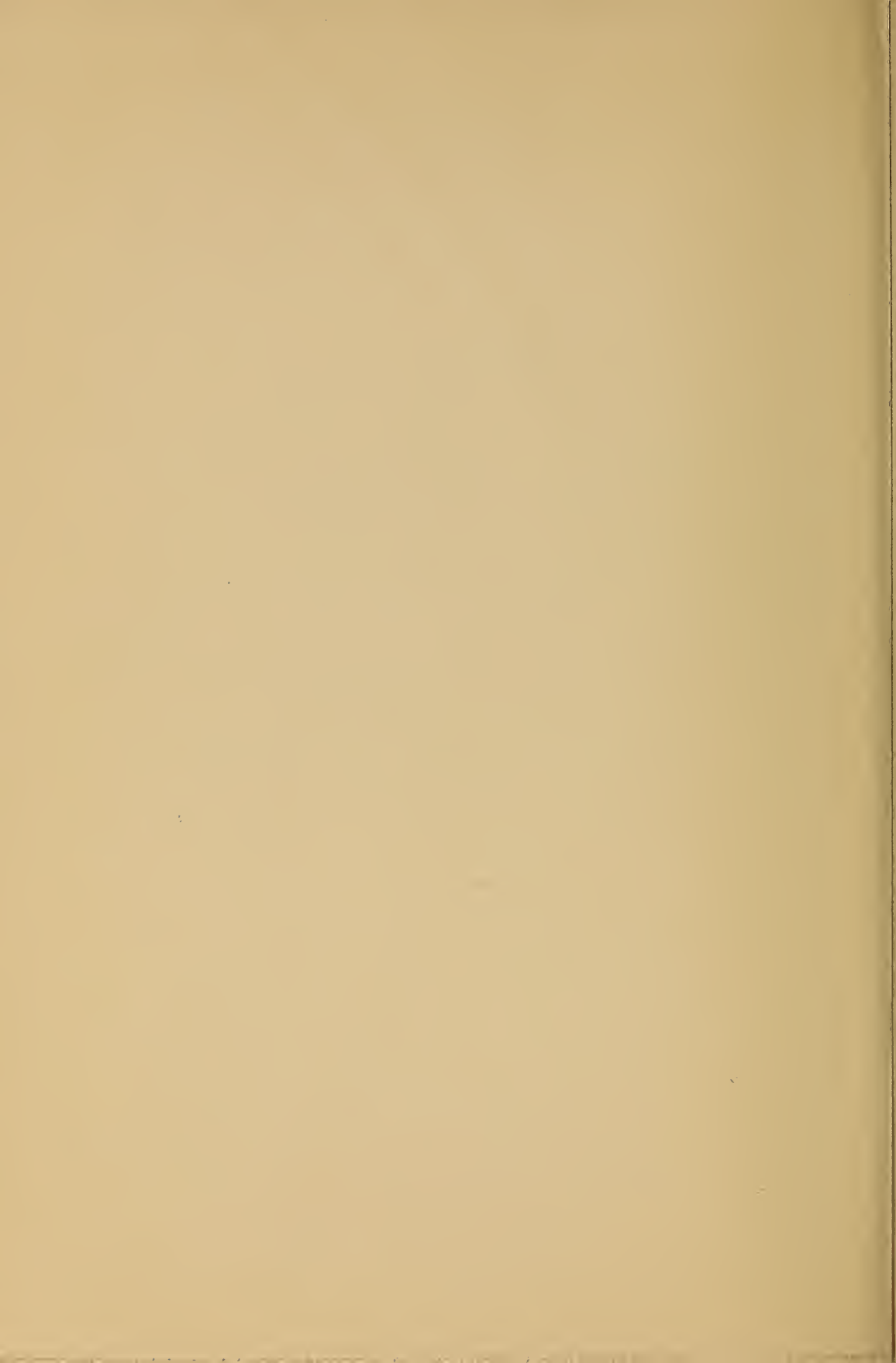
THE POET

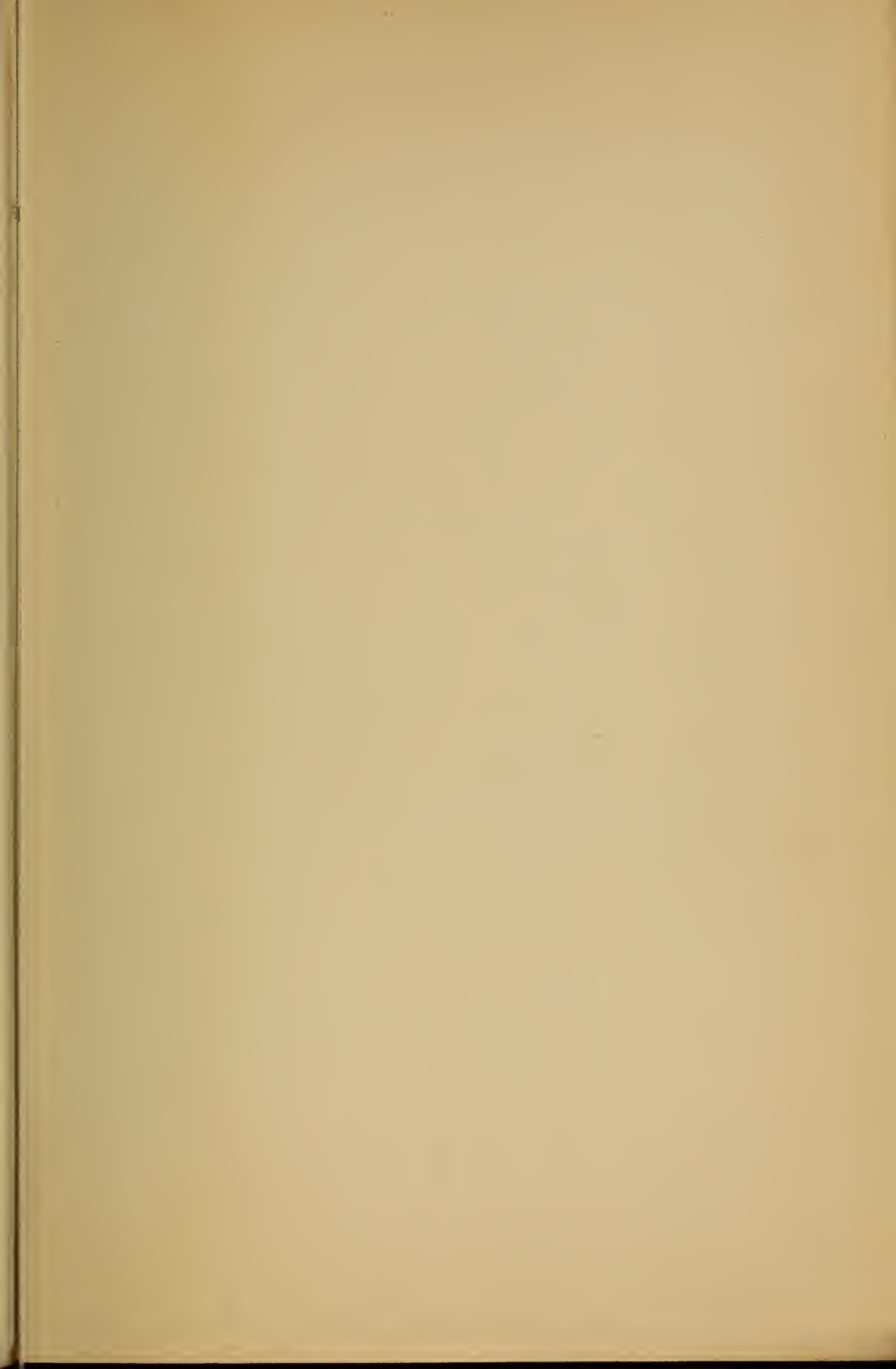
DISTRAUGHT, half-puzzled by the
doors that close
Abruptly in his face,
Bewildered where the crowd of traffic flows,
Like one of other race,

Unmindful of the hours or of the day,
Or those who mock afar,
He dreams forever of the rose in May.
He sees the evening star.

THE DAYS THAT PASS

BIRTH, on a blazing noon,
Childhood among the flowers,
Youth 'neath a changing moon,
Love with its silver hours,
Pain in a silence born,
Knowledge with fitful gleam,
Death, and a life outworn;—
Lo! it was all a dream!





MAR 5 1907

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: June 2009

Preservation Technologies

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